

# COMPOSITION BOOK

MY TRUTH: Book Four

# A HENTRICH DIARY

DECEMBER 2009

## College Rule

**100 Sheets • 200 pages**

**9¾ x 7½ in/24.7 x 19.0 cm**

# TOP FLIGHT

## College Ruling

[illegible]



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	DECEMBER 2009	
	JANUARY 2010	



2H

[ It's that point in the month ~~where~~ <sup>where</sup> I am anticipating drinking a couple beers, upon getting my monkey hands on the cash I never have. I have to ~~see~~ <sup>exert</sup> a great deal of "mental strength" to prevent myself from suffering too much over worries about having such a difficult time "managing" my income with my debts: rent, utilities, food, tobacco, some clothes, and the spontaneous alcoholic binge that is sure to ensue as soon as I have a few dollars in my pocket. If I could find myself richinious, I might escape from self-hatred.

The day when the "government relief ~~by~~ funds" become available brings with it the stress of realizing how quickly the funds are absorbed by debt, and so I have to be somewhat careful and alert, making sure to pay my dues and have food & tobacco before I get too inebriated. ]

2H

(2AM)

3 December 2009 Thursday

I have been out here, out West, in Washington for almost a year, a little over 19 months. Each month, I have waited until the morning to access the funds. Tonight (12/2 Wed) I decided to check the balance a little after midnight. The relief was available.



[ I knew to be very careful. You see, dear reader, when one "sits on the dole", there is only just so much "funds" to pay rent, utilities, and debts; buy food, tobacco, and maybe a coat or something. One can't just spend the funds chasing some kind of euphoria, or trying to buy friends. ]

I only withdrew \$50.00. I bought a 30 pack of Busch beer for \$18, I paid my buddy \$15, I owed him, and have \$17 for my pocket - purposely not enough for any "quick flim flam".

[ Those with limited income have to really be careful. We have to pay the important bills, such as rent and utilities and phone, as well as any debt we owe to those who may have helped us through the month. ]

I have to confess to being quite nervous about "jumping the gun" and hitting the ATM at 12:30 AM on the 3rd. I just wanted some beer... to calm these nerves. My nerves are freakin' shot. Humor? Satire? Fact? Fiction?

[ "The Native" - J.R. Chiefstick - suggested I drink a mild beer, Busch, rather than Steel Reserve 211. We just need to take the edge off, not get psychotic. ]



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10 December 2009 Thursday

I got a call from my sister Tami this morning and let her know I may be sending her a letter. . . I would like to stick to just coffee today and give my body and mind a break from the alcohol.

I was inspired enough to clean my dishes and cook a chicken that had been thawing in the refrigerator for a few days.

2H

The central fallacy of modern American economics runs like this: Higher standard of living depends on higher production; higher production is dependent upon higher consumption; therefore, the best way to improve society is to step up production, and to persuade everyone to consume more. And yet, more cars and more gadgets don't make people happier.

Maybe I will finish up the letter to Mom and mail it out to her tomorrow morning.

2H

Carmen Valancia once again called me into her office to scold me and threaten to kick me out if I continued to "scream and shout OR sing."



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I am realizing that I have no "people" in American society. I am on the spiritual fringes at the mercy of ambitious ass-lickers who are smart enough to do the paperwork but too stupid to reach the conclusions I have reached. It truly is a confederacy of dunces.

From a passage of Ignatius Kelly's notes, signed "Gary, your militant working boy."

[ "Any connection between American art and American nature is purely coincidental, but this is only because the nation as a whole has no contact with reality. That is only one of the reasons why I have always been forced to exist on the fringes of its society, consigned to the Limbo reserved for those who do know reality when they see it."

"The only excursion in my life outside of New Orleans took me through the vortex to the whirlpool of despair: Baton Rouge. In some future installment, a flashback, I shall perhaps recount that pilgrimage through the swamps, a journey into the desert from which I returned broken physically, mentally, and spiritually."

The whirlpool of despair - sounds like ~~the~~ the Seattle area.]



21  
[ Another great excerpt from Tople's A Confederacy of Dunces ... when he had turned the speakers (to a radio) off at the pants factory

"So I turned the music on again, smiling broadly and waving amiably in an attempt to acknowledge my poor judgement, and to win the workers' confidence. (Their huge white eyes were already labeling me a "Mute Charlie".) I would have to struggle to show them my almost psychotic dedication to helping them.)"

Could it be that I really don't have any peers? Just as my nephew wanted me to believe the lie that I am insignificant, my so-called friend, Fred, insists on yelling at me for "thinking I am special."

Fuck it. At least Brother Mitchel acknowledges me as one of the most UNIQUE individuals he has ever met — and that cat has been around. I call him General Psyops.

Another excerpt from Dunces: "In spite of all to which they have been subjected, Negroes are a rather pleasant folk for the most part. I really have had little to do with them, for I mingle



HOWLING WOLF

with my peers or no one, and since I have no peers,  
I mingle with no one."

[ "In a sense I have always felt something of a kinship with the colored race because its position is the same as mine: we both exist outside the inner realm of American society. Of course, my exile is voluntary. However, it's apparent that many of the Negroes wish to become active members of the American middle class. I can not imagine why. I must admit that this desire on their part leads me to question their value judgements. However, if they wish to join the bourgeoisie, it is really none of my business. They may seal their own doom. I personally, I would agitate quite adamantly if I suspected anyone were attempting to help me upward toward the middle class." ]

This John Kennedy Toole is a kindred spirit. I am a rare breed, a rare "specimen". What will the rubbers of Hell on Earth do about me? Are there forces at work attempting to harass me to "eat my spirit"? These ass-licking back-stabbing rat-funk neighbors of mine, I am most likely involved in a definite conspiracy to "put me in my place". These fucking sheep just can't stand to see ~~me~~ shine (or to hear me howl.) My new name is Howling Wolf.



11 December 2009  
Friday

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## HOWLING WOLF

[While I enjoy reading great books like A Confederacy of Dunces and a Journey to the End of the Night, I do have a limited amount of time before I will be passing some of my notebooks to my nephew. I want to take notes from them before doing so. I may have to give him half of this month and then the rest just before I am going to leave, maybe on his birthday. I remember last year on February 3rd I was not included in his birthday celebration after travelling over 3000 miles to see him. How fucked up was that? Yes, Joseph can be a total asshole at times. It's not all his wife's fault.]

Some notes from H-117 (June 2008)

[Something strange and dangerous is happening in America. I see The Organization Man, I (Whyte) Organization imposes an ethic of conformity on its employees. Businesses test for levels of conformity. ~~There~~ There are monotonously similar ideas of success: a house, a wife, a good job in some big organization, a car, a family.]



[ The real difference between people is the degree to which they are other-directed or inner-directed.

note: zen lunacy poetry → writing anything that comes to your head. For J of The Beats, Zen symbolized pure instinct.

In England, as in America, the character of the younger generation is formed mainly by television and cinema.

The so-called "good characters" are socially well-adjusted. The so-called "bad characters" tend to be curmudgeons or are obviously self-centered.]

Colin Wilson: "Our problems are fundamentally psychological. They spring from the fact that the complexity of our society tends to create a defensive attitude in many people, the sort of acknowledgement of defeat that a schoolboy might feel on looking into a volume of higher mathematics.

The result is a sense of diffidence, a loss of the feeling of being self-determined. This diffidence transmutes into the nervous energies. It narrows the individual's conception of his own abilities and values."



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[ The powerful forces of our age are mass media. In America, they worship "success". In England, they worship "royalty".  
Colin Wilson: "Revolt for its own sake is not enough. It fails to get to the core problem: the increasing other-direction in modern society and the disappearance of the hero, the inner-directed man, in literature."

The hero of our age would have to be a metaphysician. The hero cannot accept the status quo. A wife, a house, and a bottle of wine is not a heroic life. In the cinema, the so-called hero gets the girl. And yet, Goethe himself had no illusions about successful love. Goethe analyzed the peculiar psychological complexities of the new hero in Faust.

The result of knowledge seems to be a disillusionment that involves the whole universe: a feeling that, if a man could shed all of his illusions for a moment, he would not want to live. I have a deep and complex vision and feel helpless rage against the STUPID oversimplifications



upon which society bases its judgements. Isn't this the central preoccupation of existentialism? Existentialism is an attempt to map and explore the complexity of the human condition.

Sartre said, "Hell is other people."

Are other people the main problem? When we are robbed of our subjectivity, we have nothing left.

Freedom is any intense emotion (like TERROR) that restores our subjectivity.

[ Sartre: "I know there is no other salvation for man than the liberation of the working classes." ]

The gods hide from man the happiness of death that he might endure life.

Albert Camus wrote a story about a famous painter who lets too many strangers on waste his time and finally has to retreat into solitude. I can best serve "the people" by remaining solitary. In Matamoras as well as here in Federal Way, too many people waste my time. They may not be able to fathom that I have my own AGENDA.



75  
[ Existentialism began as a revolt (against Hegel),  
and a revolt is essentially negative.

The writer's responsibility is heavier than that  
of the politicians or the church leaders,  
for what is in question is a revolution  
in thought, not a five-year plan or a  
recipe for "getting right with God."

It is a fallacy to believe that action can get closer  
to life than writing. The aim of philosophy  
is depth and vital intensity.

Existentialism starts with our feeling of the world's  
hostile strangeness. Our tasks are  
negative, such as an all-out attack against  
Freudianism, Marxism, logical positivism,  
and any other "isms" that foster  
the insignificance fallacy.

I will oppose anyone who attempts to convince  
me of my insignificance. ]

[ \* It was back when I was living at the Flame Motel in  
Farmingdale, New Jersey back around 2005 (or 2004?)  
that I first seriously began investigating  
Hussel. The day after I began that  
investigation I was almost killed by  
the Freehold Boro police. Seven of them  
attacked me. I defended myself and I was almost  
killed. [7 white officers; the doctor who saved me was black]



[ While healing in the hospital I was blessed by my beloved mother with the book, The Essential Husserl. It is one of the texts I salvaged from the "excursion out West disaster."

The root of the existential dilemma: must thought negate life? ]

12 December 2009 Saturday

I want to do some research on "primal scream therapy" as I did wander into the woods across from the apartment complexes, on the other side of Pacific Highway, last night in my Carhart's monkey suit. I went fairly deep into that wooded area and was quite comfortable laying on the cold earth next to a huge tree. I felt the tree absorbing my distress and let out some primal screams, becoming "Howling Wolf". I am a Hessian of Steppenwolf.

I had been at Brother Freddie Brown's with Brother Mitchel; and, while viewing the propagandist "Pearl Harbor" - an elaborate Hollywood film with many "stars" - I became quite disturbed. I could not refrain from making this known. In the end I felt that Brother Mitchel might physically clobber me, so I bolted to the door, fleeing like



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a cat running from a dog. With this heavy on my mind, I am hesitant to even hang out over there for awhile. I don't think I even want to drink glasses over there, as I am obviously unable to bite my tongue. Not only am I far from being patriotic, I just can't restrain my "anti-American", anti-capitalistic sentiments. While such attitudes may be welcome in "intellectual" discussions, the older brothers, for various reasons, perhaps even because of the fact that Barack Obama is president, are unnaturally patriotic.

I have a real fear that I might be setup to receive a beat down which I will be "justified" with the reasoning: disrespect for those soldiers who died in defending the United States. My political stance is unacceptable to my comrades, and I really feel in my gut that the time is at hand for severing my ties with that whole situation.

I had similar reactions to me in prison back in 1987 at Wharton Tract Unit. My intelligence is offensive to the point that both Brother Mitchell and Brother Fred continuously badger me with accusations that I am "retarded".



I have to pay attention to my instincts.  
 In allusion to the fascist ideology of  
 the "authorities", Philip K. Dick wrote  
 "The Empire is the institution, the codification,  
 of derangement; it is insane and imposes  
 its insanity on us by violence, since  
 its nature is a violent one."  
 (Valis, p. 235, entry 41 from The Exegesis)

Wilhelm Reich warned that, since the breakdown  
 of the pre-Christian ethos of earth-oriented  
 Paganism, "the biological core of humanity  
 has been without social representations."  
 This is a staggering observation, to say the  
 least.

The "authorities", as well as those who defer  
 to the authoritarian ideology, exhibit the  
 behavior of spiritual zombies, people  
 who exemplify a baffling mix of mystical  
 and militaristic fixations.

Drustics saw the tyranny of belief in the rise  
 of early Christianity. I can only  
 imagine what they would see  
 today in the political religiosity of  
 the American right.

"The Archons burden the soul and pull us down into  
 oblivion, making us forget who we are."



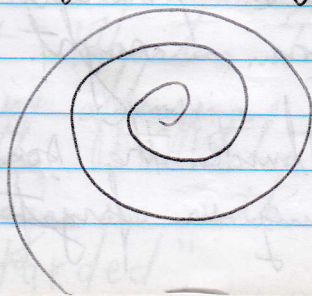
25  
Note: Van Gogh was never an easy person to live with; fits of ~~ner~~ nervous depression made his temper uncertain. Van Gogh took in a woman off the streets who was pregnant, thereby scandalizing ~~his name~~ all his friends who abandoned him as lost. There is a parallel in my own life when I took in Mary Moss into the Star House in 1996. Her being a Black woman caused a scandal with the slugs who worked for the state. They not merely abandoned me, but all I banned together to "destroy me."

No matter what "Josh" or "Hakeem" of the code net have to say, ~~about~~ with their self-righteous condemnation of all "white-skinned" peoples, we are not all to be classified as racist/white supremacist suspects. I may have faced a similar dilemma at the code net as my nephew faced at Pine Ridge Indian Reservation.

24

He who stares at the abyss too long may find the abyss staring back.

~ Nietzsche





24  
[ We are blackmailed, citizens. The war being waged is not really a military war, but a cultural war. This war strikes the soul.

All the bombings, jumpings, and hatings are done to, intimidate, to discourage, to blackmail, to break the spirit. ]

America is not really the West that Islam wishes to subjugate - it is Europe.

"Under any fascism, any bolshevism, any McCarthyism, any Islamism, any cancer of the brain, any cancer of the soul, we are the new heretics, the new outlaws, the new dissidents!"  
~ Oriana Fallaci

NY, November 25<sup>th</sup>, 2005

Schopenhauer called all three of the Abrahamic religions (Judaism, Christianity, and Islam) tools of warmongers and murderers.

Σ 3

Θαύμα → The Wonder that compels human beings to philosophize.



[ In the face of sufferable reality, optimism is wicked. Anything less than the brute truth is evil and somehow cruel.

It is absurd and horrific the blood that has been shed in the name of Christ, Mahammed, Moses, Abraham, Isaac, Ixion, Ishmael, etc.

The Gospel of Madness proclaims that we must recognize the different faces of sanity so that we don't allow fear of anxiety or fear of disturbing emotions, I prevent us from seeing things as they are.

The idea of sanity has got potentially different meanings. If it means "equilibrium" and balance, general peace of mind and minimal anxiety, then this meaning of sanity is not true sanity, but an inability or unwillingness to understand. In other words, the generally well-adapted citizens of modern civilization fear their own minds to the point they will train themselves not to reflect upon things going on around them that upset or disturb them. ]



I am making progress as far as going through my journals & goes, up to H120, Madness Theory: Book 2 (Summer 2008). What a story. I remember everything.

Some notes:

5 mutually reinforcing guilds operate in the service of pharmacologicalism

1. the pharmaceutical industry
2. modern biological psychiatry
3. the biomedical sciences
4. drug enforcement agencies (DEA, FBI, and Hc. Tob. Fisco)
5. the American judicial system

Together these institutions form the two pillars of differential prohibition:

1. The medicopharmaceutical industrial complex (THE THERAPEUTIC STATE)
2. The drug-abuse-prison industrial complex (THE PROHIBITIONIST STATE)

The "War on Drugs" is shameful. Among young black men between the ages of 15 and 35, 50% are, at any given moment, either in jail, on probation, on parole or a warrant is out for their arrest!



Vladimir Nabokov:

"It is instructive to think that there is not a single person in this room, or for that matter in any room in the world, who, at some nicely chosen point in historical space-time would not be put to death there and then, here and now, by a commonsensical majority in righteous rage.

The color of one's creed, neckties, eyes, thoughts, manners, speech, is sure to meet somewhere in time or space with a fatal objection from a mob that hates that particular tone.

And the more brilliant,  
the more unusual the man,  
the nearer he is to the stake.

Stranger always rhymes with danger,  
the meek prophet,  
the enchantress in his care,  
the indignant artist,  
the non-conforming little schoolboy,  
all share in the same sacred danger.

And thus being so, let us bless them,  
Let us bless the freak.  
For in the natural evolution of things,  
the ape would perhaps never have become  
man had not a freak appeared in the family.



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And thus being so, let us bless them,  
let us bless the freak...

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Anybody whose mind is proud enough not to  
breed true, secretly carries a  
bomb at the back of his brain, and so  
I suggest, just for the fun of the thing,  
taking that private bomb and  
carefully dropping it on the model  
city of common sense.

In the brilliant light of the ensuing explosion  
many curious things will appear. "

sacred danger

Beyond the crucified ego self-murdered  
In schizophrenic waters identifies drawn  
Eyes blazing with demonic intensity  
Dicks of being set up just to be  
knocked down.

I mock my own hopes and skin  
I realize I'm an infantile freeman  
So, what chance do you stand  
When I analyze you on demand?





Running into the woods, screaming  
 by I purple moonbeams I blaspheming  
 Agaxas gathering outcasts and I freaks,  
 strangers not I in chques, outsiders and geeks

An inner movement to accept and begin  
 Disintegrating the conflicting elements within  
 Keeping I notes on this biography  
 Ninja I using night sight and woods I karate

Great Machine Cow Breeder Bleeder Feeder  
 Also the Almighty Eater

~~Six hundred I sixty six children  
 Scattered like leaves~~

Rhyming for the sake of dissin'  
 Their point I seem to be missin'  
 Destroy my ego, but I still won't listen  
 Youst I ass, this Huck Finn won't be kissin'

You know this brain ain't idle  
 My last names Wave  
 My first names Tidal  
 I all poets is just a death recital  
 Philosophers, are we even vital?

Like a werewolf I lock myself in a cocoon  
 At the first spent of another wicked moon  
 Derawing chicken wings to stare off death  
 My I emotions storming under my breath



06  
Don't you see?  
I am myself not being me  
Branching off the Freak Family Tree  
I am the stranger-to-yourself  
That which you would rather not be  
Stranger to all, stranger even to me  
'Cause I'm bonding with the idea  
Of my own geometry  
I recoil from the lack of empathy  
From the local community

~~Love eats me alive inside the hive~~  
Take me down Abraxas  
I am a vessel for thought  
Don't wanna be taught  
The schoolyard lessons I refuse to be taught!

Love eats me alive from inside the hive  
From their porches they talk, shit and jive  
Take a warm bullet for trying to sing  
Never imagine the trouble it would bring  
Walking by the jewelry store mocking the king  
Drunk tea in jest, never claimed to be hip  
But bop-bop-sub-hey  
To me I am crip  
Lying out my own trip  
With blood drippin' I skip!



While my spirit may be strong  
 My flesh I will be weak  
 From now on, I would rather not speak  
 The skin cries, the tears  
 Struggling through the years  
 But in these bones I feel no such fears

Skeleton wrapped with organic life,  
 Trapped in sinews of eternal strife  
 Flesh cries, bones mock  
 This is a cosmic dance shock  
 Like a hurricane comin' down your block  
 Stoppin' your clocks  
 In your dreams I own stock

Now you behold yourself in my stare  
 And you are blinded by the glare  
 Are you scared of the Witch of Blair?  
 Shoot me dead if you dare!

Like a storm at sea  
 Pushed beyond the threshold - me  
 Oh, troubled me, like Kit Marlowe  
 I got my own devil philosophy

When I erupt, the good die alongside the wicked  
 It will be too late - sorry about the Tide  
 Lines locked, there's nowhere to hide  
 Lock your doors and travel deep inside  
 Into the Taker Prison commissary ride



52  
Hate me for being a skeleton  
Or just too old and thin  
Not of your ~~gun~~ kin  
My halcyonating skin  
Throw a rock at a can of tin,  
But it was your chin

Now I wonder where I've been  
You chew with few or less teeth  
Sighing with grief, you beg for relief  
Can bones don't sigh or wonder why  
But they break and our flesh cries

I be you, you be me  
And we do die, you see  
We do die, be me — we do die, be I  
We do die so don't believe the lie  
Smell your own shit, bye-bye american pie

Only through writing do we resist the urge  
To follow our death wish down, down, down  
Keeper into darker ground  
Two towers down down in one mound

Brother kill me, then sister pray  
Hostility one morning glory, get away  
You not taking this low status lightly  
Offended from a distance  
Husin' me more than slightly



Within a language of piss and shit  
 Into the poetic political philosophy pit  
 Shadow Creatures Cooled, prepared to spit  
 Why do I walk through the local hoods?  
 Why don't I just stay in the dark woods?

Bless my soul  
 Too ignorant to be controlled  
 I walk and they mock, I mock right back  
 Give their grand I master wizard a heart attack

Offend conventionality  
 Beg commonsense to crucify me  
 Why not connect your exhaust  
 Back into the passengers' and drivers' care?  
 Let your money's worth  
 You worked hard to earn the fare  
 Let every penny's worth  
 Of the combusted air

Don't be so generous with your poison fumes  
 Filling all our Earthly Mother's rooms  
 Alarmed me while I spit on my own tomb  
 How many creatures have sealed their own doom  
 By being born under the lense  
 Of the eschatological zoom?



70  
Drink Christ Tea from European ground  
Breed hostility just walking around  
With my head down to the ground  
Singing sounds

Silly Rabbit, Sad Clown  
Disintegrated three thousand miles away  
From my hometown  
In a damn place called Federal Way

Exorcist three Catastrophe  
Got me afraid of my humanity  
Sometimes I begin to see  
The Sacred Danger breathing me

Overhearing heartless snark is detrimental to my  
Mental health  
The Common Wealth street, Herds question my stealth  
I am not blessed with wealth

Don't wanna be a daddy  
To cell blocks or caddies  
I have never gotten to be a fatty  
But I adapt and chew down on I all beef patty

Empty my bladder,  
But I and forgive my lack of manners  
Piss at where I want to be murdered  
I'm burning down the wage-slavery banners



Who is the boss of those who holler?  
 Is it Marshal Mathers or Half a Dollar?  
 Mayor Gorman, President Bruce?  
 Or the Abe Lincoln without any juice?

Who sings my life?  
 I do, I do I blue  
 Death do die me do  
 I flipped the script on your voodoo  
 Death do die me do  
 Sleeping inside a zoo

Give me a couple hours to satisfy you  
 I would be Kat Ka, but I am not a few

~~Thirty~~ Forty-two year old Huck ~~the~~ Finn

When I was seventeen  
 Into the woods I went trippin  
 Out over that thin line  
 Drinking morning glory moonshine

Then a soulful Ashury band  
 Backed up the poet from Jungle Land  
 Then seventeen became thirty six  
 And they treat me like a Silly rabbit  
 I eating Trix

Keep your truck fix  
 Give me some oatmeal mix  
 Hear my own song, echo my mix



21 December 2009 Monday

(4AM) I guess psychiatrists would call my all night letter writing and reading things "hypomania", huh?

I am so enjoying the second reading of John Kennedy Toole's A Confederacy of Dunces

Here's an excerpt from p. 263. When I return to Jersey, I absolutely must offer Ghay a new copy as a gift. It will bring tears to his eyes! From LAUGHTER!

Ignatius' mother, Irene, says, "Ignatius, don't you think maybe you'd be happy if you went and took you a little rest at Charity?"

"Are you referring to the psychiatric ward by any chance?" Ignatius demanded in a rage. "Do you think that I'm insane? Do you suppose that some stupid psychiatrist could even attempt to fathom the workings of my psyche?"

"You could just rest, honey. You could write some stuff in your little copy books."



"They would try to make me into a moron who liked television and new cars and frozen food. Don't you understand? Psychiatry is worse than communism. I refuse to be brainwashed. I won't be a robot!"

"But, Ignatius, they help out a lot of people got problems."

"Do you think that I have a problem?" Ignatius followed. "The only problem that those people have anyway is that they don't like new cars and hair sprays. That's why they are put away. They make the other members of the society fearful. Every asylum in this nation is filled with poor souls who simply cannot stand lavender, cellophane, plastic, television, and subdivisions."

§§





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{ }

24 December 2009 Thursday

My father is working somewhere in Pennsylvania. He got my messages about not receiving the check yet, and he told my mother that he would send out another one. If the first check arrives ~~before~~ and then the second, I am to send the second one back. That will be a good chance to write a second letter with an update on the "situation" with my people out here.

{ }

I call from my mother this morning ("Christmas Eve") informed me of bad news: This morning, when my father went out to start his day, he discovered that his van with all his tools and paperwork had been stolen!!!!!! Woah!

His cell phone was also in there. What the fuck. Imagine his feeling of helplessness. My brother-in-law drove 23 ~~h~~ hours to pick him up, and they are now on their way back.

Even though my father does have insurance and the truck I had 100,000 miles on it, I am still concerned that this is the beginning of the end for him as a human heart can only take so much. This will surely have an effect on his heart and health. Once he gets settled in and comforted by the women (Tami, Ashley, Janine), maybe he will call.



# JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT

25 December 2009 Friday, Christmas Day

While staring at the beer in the aisle at the Safeway last night, twenty minutes before they closed, I was tempted to just swipe one beer. Then I spotted a guy pushing a cart with a couple very expensive 6-packs and asked him if he could spare a couple dollars so I could get a beer. He reached into his pocket and handed me a five dollar bill. I bought a 6-pack of Bush beer 16 ounces like J.R. Highstreet. I thought, me. I wolfed down two or three and shared the rest with my good brothers Fred, Mark, and Matt.

Then I returned to my apartment and proceeded to babble on and on about how, after my death, the world would have to celebrate Christmas on February 11<sup>th</sup> (2-11), my birthday. Thank goodness I did not draw the police there.

I spoke to both my parents on the telephone this morning and was relieved to hear that ~~my~~ <sup>seems</sup> to be handling the theft of his truck and tools very calmly. I am now concerned about my mother as she slipped last night at my sister's and hit her rib cage very hard on the tub! Oh my, how fragile life is!